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# The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 16

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1926.

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## THE J. E. JONES LETTER

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There will have to be a revision of this "Smith, Brown and Jones" stuff, because the Jones' have deserted the group. Howard P. Barker, in an illuminating article appearing in American Speech, throws light on leading surnames, and the information that he furnishes gives human history a "punch" that is valuable, as well as unique. In Mr. Barker's article he tells how he has accomplished his statistical autopsies on United States Census reports, War Department lists, and city and telephone directories. He has pushed the investigations so that they include exhaustive facts regarding the origin of names, gathered from official figures, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are brought into the picture, because that's where most Americans originally "came from." Then Mr. Barker jumps across to the European continent in his quest for the derivation of surnames. No one can doubt, after reading the article but what he has found "the low down" on all our popular names. He declares that "Smith without question is the great master of surnames in this country." Smith leads everywhere, even in New York City; but in that metropolis the ratio is peculiar as Cohen comes second; Miller, third; Brown, fourth; Schwartz, fifth. The Jones family isn't even "prominently mentioned." In St. Paul and Minneapolis the Smiths have to take a back seat, because the Johnsons are first; Anderson, second; Nelson, third; Peterson, fourth. With the poor Smiths trailing along in fifth place. The Johnsons are also slightly in the lead in Chicago, but Smith is in second place. In most other cities the commonness of Smith is undisputed. Cincinnati gives third place to Meyer; New Orleans second to Levy. There are more Smiths and more Johnsons in the United States, says Mr. Barker, than there are people in Detroit; and the Browns, if all brought together, would fall little short of creating a city the size of Boston. Williams and Jones total somewhat less than the population of Los Angeles. The Millers could almost take command of all the accommodations in Pittsburgh. The ratio of leadership in names of the entire United States, on a basis of 112,000,000 population, as of 1924, ranged in the following order, Smith, Johnson, Brown, Williams, Jones, Miller, Davis, Anderson, Wilson and Moore.

Mr. Barker has certainly unearthed a great subject and it is to be hoped that he will be able to trace the fate and destinies of the bearers of these surnames. If so, he might possibly tell us why the Johnsons always vote for the Johnsons, and therefore send such men as Magnus Johnson to the Senate from states like Minnesota. He might tip us off some of the prosperity that follows in the wake of some names, and tell us why Cohen and Levy usually control the banks and the loan companies. The possibility of dissecting the American-Welsh settlements where Williams and Jones talk the "two talks" would be interesting. He might also tell us why the Millers are always so charming, the Davises so stern, the Wilsons so wise, and why people who know the Moores wish that there were more of them.

**BROWN PATCHES ON THE GREENS**  
One of the nightmares which have beset golf clubs during recent years has been a disease known as brown patch which has attacked the best kind of golf greens. Brown patch is a mild or fungus growth which occurs over night on the greens and kills the grass. It has been known to completely cover a green in three days and kill every blade of grass in that time. It occurs in one form or other, throughout all the golf playing territory of the United States, which includes all the country. Molds and fungus parasites grow in the night. Under certain conditions of saturated and damp atmosphere brown patch appears in the morning. Unless it is immediately attended to and checked the forest and most costly greens are ruined by having the grass killed.

This disease of brown patch has become prevalent in the last few years. Rich, smooth, tender, cultivated greens are not able to withstand the tendency to brown patch as are clover, blue grass and other harder vegetation, with the result that as the greens committees worked harder to get more beautiful and more velvety greens, they at the same time made them more liable to this "gout" of the greens, or brown patch. Once covered with brown patch, the green is useless for the game is dead.

Many kinds of material have been tried out to combat the brown patch but the one which has been most

## FRANK KENDALL

Mr. Frank Kendall passed away Tuesday evening at his home on Spring Street after a long period of ill health. Funeral services will be held Thursday afternoon at two o'clock from his late home.

## GRANGE NEWS

### BEAR RIVER GRANGE

The regular meeting of Bear River Grange was held Saturday evening, July 24. As this was Gentlemen's Night chairs were filled by the brothers. One candidate was instructed in the first and second degrees by the regular officers, after which the brothers gave the following program:

Singing by the chorus  
Reading and Story, Edw. Bennett  
Instrumental Music, Addison Saunders  
Tableau, "When Mother Goes Visiting"  
Reading, E. I. French  
Song by the Quartet  
Reading, Arthur Stearns  
Story, Ernest Holt  
Song with banjo accompaniment,  
Daniel Wight  
Reading, Edw. Bennett  
Story, E. I. French  
Story, Lon Wight  
Music, violin, piano and harmonica, by the Sounders

Closing Song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again"  
Refreshments were served by the ladies, and all felt that they had been given a fine entertainment, and the ladies agreed that they would have to hustle some two weeks from Saturday night when Ladies Night if they are to beat the brothers on entertainment.

successfully used and which through many tests has been found to successfully control and cure all kinds of brown patch is a new organic mercury compound known as Semesan. This is the same compound which the United States Department of Agriculture used to control crown gall, sometimes called "tree cancer" in the root grafted apple nursery business. In a recent pamphlet the Department told of its efforts to control crown gall and how this had been successfully done through the use of the new organic mercury compound.

**A MILLIONAIRE'S CLUB**  
There seems to be a good deal of danger that the United States Senate will again become a "millionaire's club." It attained that position many years ago, but the progressive movement that swept many parts of the country modified the style of Senatorial personages. The disclosures that have recently been brought out in Illinois, and the previous shocking exposures of the use of money in Pennsylvania, have been responsible for initiating a plan to keep the hoodlums-politicians from being seated when they come to Washington. It is hard to tell what there is in store for the future, but it is certain that there will be a hot time in the old Senate next winter when the Senators elected from Illinois, Pennsylvania, and several other states present their credentials.

**A SHORT OUT TO MUSICAL FAME**  
Uncle Sam's diplomatic service is a training school for many professions, and its graduates are found in every branch of activity. One of the ex-diplomats who has found fame in a somewhat novel field is Weyland Ebbels, who resigned from service as an Embassy Secretary in Europe five years ago to follow music, and is now regarded as one of the foremost tenors of the American concert stage. Ebbels was back in Washington a few days ago, visiting his old friends in the State Department. He told them a new story of how to succeed in music. While Ebbels was completing his musical education in London three years ago, he said, he went to John Macormack for advice as to the next step in his career.

Here's an infallible formula for success," said Macormack. "To be famous, don't fail, -stare in London for a year."

"But I've already been starring in London for two years," protested Ebbels. Quick as a flash Macormack replied: "Then you'll be twice as famous!"

## THE DILEMMA

A Federal court has held that the failure to make an income tax return from the illegal sale of liquor is a misdemeanor. That means that the man who bootlegs must account for it in his income tax report. That, of course, is a confession that he has violated the law, and he may be prosecuted for that also. The way of the transgressor is still hard, and the distance from the frying pan to the fire is short.

Hon. and Mrs. A. E. Herrick and Charles Tuell returned to Portland, Monday.

## ODD FELLOWS-ENTERTAIN LARGE COMPANY

A large delegation of Odd Fellows met at I. O. O. F. Hall, Bethel, last Friday evening. Sixteen lodges from different sections of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts were represented in the total of 135 or more present.

The work for conferring the first degree was exemplified by Mr. Mica Lodge of South Paris on one candidate in a very pleasing and impressive manner.

Among the number present were Walter S. Hicks of Rumford, Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Maine, I. O. O. F.; George Leavitt of Richmond, Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Maine; John Littlefield of Bridgton, Grand High Priest of the Grand Encampment; and Herbert Rich of Norway, District Deputy Grand Master.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served, and after a social hour all departed for their homes with pleasant memories of a very successful and helpful meeting.

## K. OF P. LODGE HAS BIG MEETING

Sudbury Lodge, K. of P. of Bethel was host to a large number of visitors Tuesday evening, when the work of conferring the first degree was impressively done by the local lodge.

The Grand Chancellor Commander of the Grand Lodge of Maine, John Everett, of South Paris was present and gave a very interesting discourse at the close of the work.

After the work a delicious supper was served to about seventy by members of Pythian Temple.

## CHURCH ACTIVITIES

### CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Achenbach, Minister  
Thursday, Aug. 5, 3 o'clock: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. Copeland.

Sunday, August 8:

10:30: Services of worship. The pastor will continue the summer series, "Men and Mountains." Subject, "A Mountain in the Land of Moriah: Where a Great Believer Found His Faith Justified."

12:30: Church School.  
All should reserve date of Thursday, Aug. 10, for the annual sale by the Ladies' Club.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street  
Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, "Spirit." Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

### THE BETHEL METHODIST CHURCH

"The Singing Church"  
Rev. Chester B. Oliver, Minister  
Church School at 9:45 sharp. Classes for all.

Morning worship at 10:45. Message by Mr. H. R. Bean.  
Epworth League at 7 P. M.  
Thursday's food sale indefinitely postponed.

Epworth League business meeting in the church vestry, Thursday evening at 7:30. Important business.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will conduct a business meeting at the home of Mrs. Lynnan Wheeler, Wednesday evening at 7:30.

### WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

E. A. Goldsborough, Pastor

The sermon on Sunday morning will be "Job: the man who got sore." The topic for the evening will be taken from a text which is not in the Bible, "Jesus smiled." Come to at least one of these services so that we may all receive a little more inspiration. Special service at the morning service under the direction of W. A. Goldsborough, organist of St. Andrew's Church, 5th Ave., New York.

The boys' club is going to take an overnight hike to Mount Carleton on Monday and Tuesday. On Aug. 17 will be produced the "West End High School Band," given under the joint auspices of the girls' club, the boys' club, and the church choir. Home made ice cream will be on sale. It will be worth while to save that date.

## STATE OF MAINE

### Office of Secretary of State

August 4, July 16, 1926.

Notice is hereby given that a Petition for the Pardon of LEANDER THURLOW a convict in the Maine State Prison at Thomaston under sentence for the crime of Murder is now pending before the Governor and Council and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at Augusta, on Monday the Ninth day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

EDGAR C. SMITH,  
Deputy Secretary of State.

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Alberta Kendall of Portland was the guest of friends in town last week.

Miss Merle MacKenzie of Gorham, N. H., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Minna Harriman.

Mrs. Viola Roberts of Hanover was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin, Tuesday.

Mrs. W. C. Garey was the recent guest of her brother, E. A. Brown, and wife at West Leeds, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Yates returned to Milan, N. H., Saturday, where they will spend some time in camp.

Mrs. Elliott Rich and little Stuart, visited Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Coolidge in Gorham, N. H., recently.

Mrs. Charles Davis, has returned from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Wormell, and family at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown were guests of his uncle, Moses Brown, in Portland last Saturday and Sunday.

Bean & Fox Co. have unloaded a carload of mixed lumber and a carload of shingles using the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thurston and children and Mrs. Lois Thurston were in Portland over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Garey of Watertown, Mass., were recent guests of his brother, W. C. Garey, and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eldredge and children of Rockport, Mass., are spending the month with Mrs. Angella Clark.

Pauline and Roberta Brown have returned from a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Perley, Flint at Wilson's Mills.

Mr. Elmer Adams and family of Medford, Mass., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Macchia and other relatives.

Mr. F. E. Donahue returned home Sunday from St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland. He is much improved in health.

Mrs. Bertha Woodrow and Mr. Frank Fenton of Boston, Mass., were guests of her mother, Mrs. F. E. Donahue, part of last week.

Prof. and Mrs. W. R. Chapman, Miss Cornelia Chapman and Miss Alice Caplan spent a few days in Portland the first of the week.

Mr. Kenneth Libby of North Turner spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall. Mrs. Libby and child accompanied him home.

Mrs. H. R. Tibbets, Mrs. G. L. Thurston, and Mrs. S. T. Achenbach were in Rumford Thursday to attend a meeting for the organization of a Ladies' Auxiliary of the Rumford hospital.

Mrs. Carroll Valentine and baby of Pittsburgh, Pa., who have been spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Valentine, left Wednesday for Seal Harbor, Me., where they will visit before returning to their home.

Mr. Harold Rich has returned to his home in Torrington, Conn., after spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Rich. His son, Stuart, remained for a visit with his grandparents.

Mr. P. C. Thurston was in E. Brownfield, Friday afternoon to attend a get-together of Democrats. Ernest McLean, Democratic nominee for Governor, was present. The Democrats are holding these get-togethers all over the State.

E. L. Greenleaf, Optometrist, of 107 Main St., Lewiston, will be at Bethel at the residence of S. M. Greenleaf, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 7th, for the purpose of examining eyes and fitting glasses. Appointments may be made during the week at S. S. Greenleaf's, 11 Park St., Bethel. Phone 112.

One evening last week a Chevrolet touring car from Rumford ran into and damaged a car driven by Max Robinson on Railroad Street. Mr. Robinson with his wife and a car full of young people were riding down Railroad St. when the Chevrolet car coming over the bridge at the foot of Church Street swung onto Railroad Street and struck the Robinson car damaging the mud guard and running board on one side. No one was injured.

## BETHEL-FELLSMERE RESIDENTS HOLD REUNION

On Thursday, July 29, twenty-two summer residents of Bethel and surrounding town and winter residents of Fellsmere, gathered at Odd Fellows Hall to enjoy a get-together and dinner.

The dinner was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. King of Fellsmere, Fla., who were for many years residents of Bethel, and who are visiting relatives in town at the present time.

Those present at this pleasant affair were: Mr. and Mrs. King, the guests of honor; Mr. Trask and Miss Harlow of Dixfield; Mrs. Viola G. Roberts, Mrs. Alma Mitchell, Mrs. Martha Bartlett, Hanover; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, So. Paris; Mrs. Williamson, Miss York, Portland; Miss Luella Boothby, Melrose, Mass.; Miss Mae Wiley, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Miss Alice Willis, Miss Alice Mason, Miss Annie Hamlin and Mr. Ernest M. Walker, Bethel.

The dinner was ably served under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy and Miss Annie Hamlin, and is the second of a series of dinners to be held during the summer months.

Mr. John Harrington was in Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott were in Portland, Tuesday.

Herrick Bros. Co. unloaded a carload of Ford cars last week.

Messrs. M. A. Naimy and C. E. Tidwell were in Portland, Tuesday.

Mrs. F. E. Donahue and Mrs. T. B. Burk were in Gorham, Friday.

Miss Hayes of Portland is a guest in the home of Mrs. W. H. Thurston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler were in Portland on business one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Packard are visiting Mrs. Abbie Burton at Gorham, Me.

Miss Evelyn Holt spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Emery at North Bethel.

Mrs. Frances Whitman of Grover Hill was the guest of Mrs. Roy Andrews and family, Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Rooney (nee Madeline Coolidge) of Gorham, N. H., a son, July 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Am Sessions from Abbot's Mills, Me., spent the week end at their home in town.

Mr. Charles Bryant and family of Bangor are guests of his sister, Mrs. Robert Cough, and family.

Mrs. Gertrude Haggood and daughter, Phyllis, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sloane of Lewiston over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Falyan Turner and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hazell of Fryeburg were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler.

Miss Lois Coolidge of Gorham, N. H., who has been visiting her aunts, Mrs. Elliott Rich and Mrs. Trice Eames, has returned home.

The contest held by the Hebekahs has closed and the defeated side will furnish refreshments at the next regular meeting, Aug. 16.

Mr. H. E. Jordan recently received a painful injury to his wrist while cranking his automobile. The ligaments were torn away and the wrist joint dislocated.

A very pleasant afternoon is in store for children whose parents are Old Yellows or Hebekahs on Wednesday, Aug. 11, from 2 to 5 o'clock at Mrs. Henry Becker's camp on Paradise road.

The annual get-together of the students of Gould Academy who attended that institution in the years 1883-85 was held Wednesday afternoon of this week. A most extended account will be given next week.

Miss Alfreda Wheeler has returned home from Springfield, Mass., where she has completed her studies at Harvard Institute. She plans to go to Montpelier, Vt., in September where she has a position as teacher in a school.

Among those who attended Pomona Grange at Harrison, Tuesday, were Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Copeland, Miss Rose Harvey, Miss Eleta Chapin, Mrs. H. D. Hastings, Mrs. Abner Morgan, Miss Elvira Holt and Mr. E. E. Russell.

## DEMOCRATIC GET-TOGETHER

About fifty Democrats, both men and women, attended a banquet and get-together at Maple Inn, Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Among those present from out of town were Judge Matthew McCarthy of Rumford, Hon. B. G. McIntire of Norway, W. O. Frothingham of South Paris, Bert Towne of Norway, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Staples, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Barker, and Alton and Charles Bartlett of Hanover.

The toastmaster of the evening was Mr. H. D. Thurston who introduced the speakers, Messrs. McCarthy, McIntire and Frothingham. They all gave short talks about the different Democratic candidates to be voted on at the September election.

The party broke up about ten o'clock, voting it one of the most pleasant meetings of the kind ever held in Bethel, and the banquet served by Mrs. Donahue was highly commended by those present.

## BETHEL BOY SELECTED FOR NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

Ashby Tibbets, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Tibbets, 80 Main Street, has just been notified of his selection for membership in The League of Curtis Salesmen, an honor organization maintained by The Curtis Publishing Co. for boys who sell its publications.

Admittance to this organization depends upon regular school attendance and a record of efficient service to customers. Through this training, teachers very generally report that boys gain a sense of responsibility that tends to make schooling more real to them.

As Ashby's friends know, he is developing a sense of self-confidence and an ability to make decisions quickly. That is one reason he is proud to show his badge of membership to his friends and is now looking forward to advancement to the next higher degree in the organization.

## TRAIN SCHEDULE

The new train schedule effective June 23 is as follows:

West bound trains, daily—10:23 A. M.; 7:14 P. M.; 11:15 P. M. Sunday—10:29 A. M.; 11:16 P. M.  
East bound trains, daily—4:50 A. M.; 8:00 A. M.; 4:42 P. M. Sunday—4:50 A. M.; 4:42 P. M.

Prof. F. E. Hanson and family of Mechanic Falls were in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Russ of Auburn were guests of relatives in town Sunday.

Leave your orders for cherries at Farwell & Wight's.

Mr. N. W. Eldridge was taken to the Rumford Hospital, Tuesday, for treatment.

Miss Evelyn Brink is assisting in Farwell & Wight's tea room on Church Street.

Master Theodore Eames is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fordyce Brooks at Errol, N. H.

Miss Marion Everett of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. S. Chapman, and family.

The food sale scheduled for Thursday of this week at the Methodist church has been indefinitely postponed.

Miss Hazel Douglass returned to her work in Portland, Wednesday, after spending three weeks with her father, Mr. Charles Douglass.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Akers and daughter, Doris, who have been visiting Mrs. Akers' mother, Mrs. Lois Thurston, returned to Portland, Saturday.

The Grange Circle met at Mrs. Lettie Bartlett's, Monday, August 2, and celebrated Mrs. Eva Hastings' birthday. Mrs. Hastings was presented with a pyrex dish. Refreshments were served.

Dr. W. B. Twaddle and Mrs. Harriet Twaddle were called to Lewiston, Tuesday by the illness of Dr. Carl Twaddle, who underwent an operation for appendicitis.

There is a lot of complaint about the monopoly of air, resulting from the legislation regulating broadcasting. Radio broadcasting is necessarily a public utility monopoly. But everyone can not operate a radio broadcasting station because there are not wave lengths enough. The kickers remind one a good deal of motor bus line promoters, all of whom want monopolies on the streets.







# Porto Bello Gold

By  
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

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## SYNOPSIS

The story opens in New York, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Robert Ormerod, who tells the tale, is talking to Peter Corbair, chief of the traders, and man of enormous strength, when Darby McGraw, Irish bonded boy, brings news that a pirate ship is "off the Hook." An old sea captain announces he has been chased by the notorious pirate, Captain Rip-Rap. The older Ormerod tells Robert the pirate is Andrew Murray, his (Robert's) great-uncle, commanding the pirate ship, the Royal James. Murray is an ardent Jacobite. Robert meets a young woman from a Spanish frigate who is seeking her father, Colonel O'Donnell, Murray with a force of sailors visits the Ormerod house. He announces his intention of carrying off Robert, by force, if necessary, promising him a great future. The Royal James and the Walrus, the latter commanded by Flint, Murray's partner in piracy, appear. Murray, Robert and Peter board the James. Murray offers Flint a share in the loot of a Spanish treasure ship if he will co-operate with him. Flint insists Robert be left with him as a hostage, while Murray, in the Royal James, takes the treasure ship. The pirate vessels arrive at their rendezvous.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"By the ————, but I hoped 'twas that ———— Flint came a-sneakin' mischievous," he complained.

"Where is Captain Murray?" I answered.

"In his cabin."

And in the same mild manner he continued to his men:

"To your stations. Remember cap'n's orders. Now these two are aboard, ye'll fire at any boat that approaches and challenge afterward."

The negro lackeys stood aside as we came to the cabin entrance under the poop; the door was open. Down the dark tunnel of the companionway with its stateroom doors on either hand Peter and I could see my great-uncle sitting at the table in the main cabin, a glass of wine at his elbow, a chart spread out before him.

He recounted briefly our conversation with Flint and the determination Peter and I had reached in consequence. He nodded agreement with it.

"You did quite right, Robert. Peter did not exaggerate the dangers inherent in the situation."

"You will excuse me," he went on, "if I return to my studies. I have much upon my mind."

We bade him good night and went to our staterooms, weary enough from the unwanted exercise of rowing. As I shut my door I noted that he was measuring distances in the Caribbean with calipers, and jotting figures upon the margin of the chart.

In the morning all hands were occupied with the task of careening the ship. 'Twas when the work was proceeding satisfactorily that my great-uncle bade Martin take off a dozen hands who were good shots and call away the longboat.

"I marvel that you dare to leave the James in this defenseless condition," I said to him as the longboat pulled off up the anchorage past the silent bulk of the Walrus.

"There need not necessarily be danger this afternoon," he said. "The ship is quiet ashore, and I doubt if there is a man sufficiently audacious aboard the Walrus to carry a cannon of powder from the magazine."

"But by evening they'll have slept it off," I insisted.

"True, and with it their last for St. Domingo—for the time being, at any rate. Our problem then will be to turn Flint's mind to some undertaking which will divert his attention and occupy him until we need no longer be concerned for his whimsies."

We landed south of the first river, below where Flint's party had held their council, and proceeded inland through a wooded valley, with hills rising to right and left of us and the Sygylas towering in the distance. The day was very clear, and the mountain's summit was a gray cone against the blue of the sky. Even our sudden, staccato escort of seamen became almost cheery under the influence of their changed surroundings, and with the sight of their first goal they began to whoop and shout like schoolboys. Murray, despite his age, was as spry as the youngest of us, and he never wasted a shot.

We had maintained a brisk pace in our wanderings, and we reached the site of the spring well before sunset. My great-uncle surveyed the situation with a calculating eye, indicated the stand of timber on the hill's sides, and exclaimed that there was no neighboring eminence whence an enemy could command it.

"Tis all you have asserted it to be," he said. "Moreover, it gives me an idea of a way in which we may occupy the energies of Captain Flint and his lackeys for the ensuing weeks of our stay."

A thread of smoke trickled up beside the mouth of the rivulet in the woods along the eastern, and I indicated it to him.

"There is Flint," I said.

"Yes," he replied absently, and kept on.

The shadows were lengthening as we stepped out of the forest into a glade on the river's bank. Several additional fires had been kindled, and plumes much the worse for the last night's drinking-bout. John Silver was the only man who appeared to have any animation left in him. 'Twas he first saw us, and evidently spoke to Flint, who sat with Bones and several other cronies at the smallest of the fires. He swung toward us as Flint rose unsteadily and tacked in his wake.

"Come a-visitin', captain?" Silver inquired cheerfully. "Mighty kind of ye, sir, seein' as how most o' our lads is a bit the worse for liquor and blood-lettin'. My duty to ye, Master Ormerod. I hopes I sees you and your friend well."

"Blood-lettin'?" repeated Murray, ignoring the balance of his remarks.

"The old story, eh? Well, well! You'll never learn. How many for the saltmaker's palm and needle?"

"Three, captain. And main lucky we are as Flint."

Flint lurched up beside him.

"Stow that, John," growled his captain. "I'll do the talkin'. What's your trouble, Murray?"

My great-uncle took a pinch of snuff with his formidable knuck of expressing acute disgust without moving a muscle of his face.

"I have been a-huntin'," he replied. "Shooting for the pot. We stopped on the way to our boat to pass the time of day with you, Flint."

Flint snorted.

"Time o' day! H—! Tain't like you to take the trouble."

"I am a person of most uncertain proclivities," replied my great-uncle. "I hear from Silver that last night's episode was accompanied by the usual fatalities."

"Three," assented Flint. "Two o' 'em could be spared—longer dogs. The other was Toby Welsh, as stout a fellow as we had."

"Not bad for one night's work," commented Murray.

Flint was obviously in no very belittling mood; he could scarce stand but he flamed up at this.

"Aye, and what d'ye expect? How many months did ye tell me I must hide here? A crew that knows naught but how to brave the devil's brot? And how many men d'ye think will be alive by the end of the time? Gut me, but 'twill be like the song we sing o' the Dead Man's Chest!"

"I fear it will," agreed my great-uncle. "Unless you take measures to prevent it."

"Measures? There's a deal to be done in keeping these scoundrel men from fighting on this chunk o' earth and rock!"

"There's your ship to be cleaned," said my great-uncle tentatively.

"I'd ha' mutiny on my hands did I call for it! They're all for a run ashore, and there'll be no working their aboardship until they ha' had their fill o' woods and mountains."

"Aah!" said my great-uncle. "Doubtless that is so. Well, if they must remain ashore a time, is it not in their own interest to erect themselves some shelter from the elements? We have often said that some day we should build ourselves a fort on the island."

"We ha'."

"I came upon the ideal spot this afternoon—a sand hillock overgrown with fine pines and oaks eastward of the swamp. It hath the air from the ocean, a good prospect of the anchorage and the nearer waters, and there is a spring at the very top."

"And 'n to do the work?" snarled Flint.

"Your men are to do the work," corrected Murray. "I should gladly assist them in it but for the fact that my own crew will be occupied aboard ship during the duration of our stay. We of the Royal James, I may point out, are laboring in the common interest no less than your people will be if they undertake the construction of the fort."

"Hast you for a ———— fool if I care two ———— for the common interest?" cried Flint. "But 'tis true there is need of the fort, and if the men will bide ashore they should ha' a roof to their heads and a better place to camp than down here in the river vapors. I'll see what's to be done, Murray."

"You'll not regret it," replied my great-uncle. "I shall be glad to lend you ought I possess in the way of tools or advice."

The building of the hilltop fort appeared to some boyish strain upon the surface villany of Flint's secondaries. They went to their task with positive enthusiasm, clearing the hillock of timber, sawing and squaring the logs and erecting a substantial house of the more massive logs and after that an open stockade of palisades of sapling stakes six feet high.

Murray's personal object was already accomplished. The Royal James was back upon an even keel, her bottom scraped clean, her hull freshpainted inside and out, her rigging overhauled and canvas in order.

"There is Flint," I said.

spars tested and a weak topmast replaced, guns varnished, stores checked and stowed, sufficient great-cartridge for three actions prepared by the gunner, ballast aboard and distributed with a careful eye for sailing trim.

"As sweet and proper as though she was just from the hands of the dockyard fitters at Portsmouth," was Murray's comment on an evening about the beginning of August. "The tide ebbs on the break of dawn. I purpose sailing then."

"And you must deliver the body of your hostage beforehand," I answered as disagreeably as I could.

"Even so," he acknowledged. "Tis regrettable, Robert, yet the time will come, I venture to predict, when you will look back with pride upon the inconvenience you suffered."

"I'll accept the inconvenience if I may escape the rascals alive," I retorted.

"Of that you need have no doubts," he said earnestly. "I shall accompany you, and you may hear my parting instructions to Flint. Friend Peter, will you indulge me for the space of half an hour whilst I visit the Walrus with my nephew?"

"Neen," answered Peter, and pushed away from the table. "I go too."

"No, no—"

"But naught was said of two hostages—"

"If Bob goes, I go," insisted the Dutchman. "Ja."

Murray shook his head.

"For you I might not be responsible, Peter."

"I will be responsible for myself," said Peter. "I go to der Walrus or you go out der window."

My great-uncle stared at him for a moment, then burst into laughter.

"By gad, you would! And after,

"There is Flint," I said.

became captain in my place, no doubt. You are unmanageable, Peter. What do you say, nephew?"

"I'd not have Peter risk his throat with mine," I answered unhesitatingly.

"I go with you, Bob," repeated the Dutchman.

"You see," cried Murray. "I've answered to object to with you bein' with me. Well, you'll have company at least, and I shall take a companion ashore present a is not the least valuable for his silence. A good friend is Peter, Robert. I would he were alive!"

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Peter rose.

"We go," he said. "Ja."

On deck Murray had the longboat called away, and we embarked in silence. 'Twas a hot night, with very little air stirring, and the island up-roar on the Walrus was amazingly distinct. The James was like a tomb by contrast. Not a sound came from her, and the only lights she showed were in the waist and the main cabin. The Walrus was a blaze of lanterns from poop to fore-castle, but Murray halted the deck twice before he had an answer.

"Boat ahoy!" responded a husky voice then. "Why'n—don't ye come aboard?"

"Tis Captain Murray to see Captain Flint," replied my great-uncle calmly.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the husky voice on a quaver of fear. "We'll call him directly. Will ye come aboard, sir?"

My great-uncle turned to Peter with one foot on the side ladder.

"Are you certain you must go with Robert?" he asked. "I can assure you no harm shall come to him."

"Ja, I go."

My great-uncle's reply was a shrug of indifference, and Peter and I climbed after him to the deck. The Walrus was a revelation after the ordered discipline of the Royal James. In a word, she was pig-dirty. Her deck was littered with all kinds of rubbish; her rigging was slack and spliced in a fashion which seemed lubberly to me, who was a lubber; her canvas was torn, poorly patched and wretchedly furled; boats, barrels, lumber, spare spars and cables lay about in entire confusion. The planks we trod on were slippery with grease. The paint was peeling from the bulwarks. There were spots of rust on the muzzle of a chase gun, which itself was hauled out of its proper position.

Flint came swaggering down to us from the poop in a condition which was in harmony with his surroundings. Like most of his men, he had discarded coat, shirt, stockings and shoes to accommodate himself to the heat of a tropical summer. His loose canvas trousers, identical with those the seamen wore, were streaked with dirt and tar. His bare calves and forearms were covered with dried blood where they had been scratched by brambles in his shore expeditions; out of the matted hair on his chest was thrust the head of a tiger, most curiously tattooed in black and yellow. His hair was a hank frame for his scragging face, stubbly with a week's growth of beard.

"What d'ye seek, Murray?" he growled. "Come to look us over?"

"I am come to fulfill my contract with you," replied my great-uncle. "I am sailing with the morning ebb, and I bring you, not one hostage, but two."

Flint stepped closer and scrutinized Peter and me.

"Two, eh? What do I want 'em for?"

"On the contrary," denied my relative. "Master Corbair is an old and valued enemy of mine, of whom I have hopes of making in time a friend."

"Well, he's no good to me; gut me if he is."

"You will take both or none," said my great-uncle in the voice like a dripping icicle which he knew so well how to assume.

"Nastily, are ye?" rasped Flint. "Blat ye for a—"

A light in Murray's tawny eyes kindled like a flame under the reflection of the battle lanterns which were hung from the lower spars.

"Two it is," Flint ended hastily. "But ye'll never see either one o' 'em if ye don't make good on your bargain. I ha' supported much from ye, Murray, but—"

"You'll support more for sufficient gold," replied my great-uncle. "Fifteen, I send you like a hawk. When we first encountered you were proud to be master of a trading helix. I have put you in the way to rank and fortune, if you know how to exploit your opportunities. Hark ye—"

"You said seven hundred thousand to be divided betwixt the two ships."

"A shrewd look dawned in Flint's face."

"And where are ye a-goin' to pluck this million and a half o' treasure from?" he demanded. "You ha' said much of it, but you told me little. What course doth the treasure ship sail? Where do you lurk for her? There's wide seas betwixt the Main and the Atlantic, and ye can't stop every hole, Murray."

"You may safely entrust that portion of the task to me," replied my great-uncle dryly.

He offered me his hand, and something to my own surprise I found myself inclined to accept it.

"Robert," he said, "I regret exceedingly the necessity I am under of inflicting this unpleasantness upon you; I shall endeavor to provide you adequate reparation. You also, friend Peter. Remember, we are working for a greater cause than our personal enrichment."

He vaulted lightly to the top of the bulwarks and dropped out of sight on the further side.

"Gut me, but there's times I think he believes all he says," swore Flint.

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## EAST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Hastings recently visited Mount Washington and other points of interest, making the trip by auto and camping on the way.

Mrs. E. B. Howe was last week's guest of relatives at South Paris.

Mrs. Edith Howe and Mrs. W. B. Bartlett motored to South Paris and return Saturday.

Master Gene Burns and Miss Ellen Burns are this week's guests of relatives at Andover, Maine.

Miss Clara Howell, Mrs. G. N. Ham-

## Mr. Miller Sleeps Like

## Log, Eats Anything

"After taking Adirika I can eat anything I sleep like a log. I had gas on the stomach and couldn't keep food down one sleep."—aguardy R. G. Miller, 1926 special Adirika award winner and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Says that full, bloated feeling, often brings and all waste matter goes down through the gas system, liberates the chronic constipation. W. E. R. Pharmacy, Bangor, Me.

ford, Miss Faye and Miss Mary Fashorn of Bethel were Sunday callers at City-Kimball's.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Swan and children, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dean and daughter and only friend, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Mason and Mrs. Pukine all of South Paris, Mr. Carl Swan and family, Louise's Mable, Mr. and Mrs. George Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swan and others were Sunday guests entertained by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Swan.

Three young men from Medford, Mass., recently motored here and are now enjoying farm life and farm work in the country. They are with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Swan.

Charles Holt, who has been receiving original treatment in a Boston Hospital, has returned to his home here. He was accompanied to Portland by Mrs. Irving Kimball, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Holt, motored to Portland for him.

## Saying Is Byron's

"Saying Is Byron's" is a new and original, and perhaps it is the best of its kind. It is a new and original, and perhaps it is the best of its kind. It is a new and original, and perhaps it is the best of its kind.

## STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Bangor, on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1926, at 2 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

William J. McCrean, late of Bethel, deceased, petition for the appointment of said McCrean as administrator of the estate of said deceased to act with and without bond presented by said Mac M. McCrean, widow.

Paula E. Lowe, late of Bethel, deceased, petition for order to distribute to her children the lands presented by her, Paula E. Lowe, administratrix. Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 26th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six. ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Helen E. Perkins, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted to the estate are requested to make payment immediately.

FRANK A. BROWN, Bethel, Maine, July 24, 1926.

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Henry E. Perkins, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted to the estate are requested to make payment immediately.

ELMER C. PARK, Bethel, Maine, July 24, 1926.

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## CANTON

Edward Stahl, Fred Will and Henry Lampenberger of Hudson Heights, N. J., are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Packard.

John Gilmair of Auburn has been a guest of Mrs. Ernest C. Glover.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Lela Starvoant of Auburn who has been confined to her bed with ivy poisoning.

The first meeting of the Canton Alumni Association of Canton High School will be held at the Canton school grounds on Wednesday, Aug. 18th. Hon. Payson Smith is expected to be present as speaker. There will be ball games, sports, music, etc. A large gathering is expected. Picnic dinner. Bring cups.

Robert Small has been at home from Bangor on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Small, and family.

Walter Tilly of Boston is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jennie Tilly.

Paul Hines and family of Massachusetts are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lane and son of West Paris spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Richardson, and family.

The year Camps enjoyed their annual campfire party Wednesday evening and a merry time was enjoyed. The large assembly room and all other rooms were cleared for dancing and were prettily decorated with crepe paper, ferns and wild flowers. Each guest dressed to represent a book and a character of a character and many of the costumes were unique and original. Prizes were awarded to Miss Marie Blawie and Vaughn Harrington. Music was furnished by Marion Lavoigne, Jr. and Mrs. Marguerite Paulier.

Miss Clara M. Barrows of Canton and Mrs. Nina Swenson and Mrs. Nellie Moore of Bangor have been spending a few days with Mrs. Jane Spiny of Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kimball and family of Massachusetts are on an outing at "The Lodge."

S. T. Hayden has been visiting his son, W. O. Hayden, and family of Springfield.

Mrs. J. F. Fletcher of East Wilton is a guest of Mrs. Perkins A. Adams.

Miss Margery Wood has returned home from the hospital, where she has been having her eyes treated.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Newman and their daughter, Ann, of Auburn have been guests of the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Stevens and family of Bangor, Me., and Mrs. Esther White of Bangor, Me., are guests of a family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rabb of Bangor, Me., are guests of a family.

A. L. Threlk, A. L. Dodge and H. H. Threlk are on the way to the Fair, carrying for Helen Smith.

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proper sterilization of milk utensils. They should be exposed to a temperature of at least 205 degrees Fahrenheit for five minutes. A pail or can may look clean and yet carry numberless bacteria which will hasten the souring of milk, cause bad flavor in butter or cheese, or spread contagion.

Statement of the Condition of the  
PARIS TRUST CO.  
South Paris, Maine

June 22, 1926

Organized July 20, 1908

## ASSETS.

Loans and discounts,	\$723,725.00
Loans on mortgages of real estate,	130,012.40
Overdrafts,	2,870.38
Stocks and bonds,	222,150.00
Bank Building,	3,745.00
Due from banks and bankers,	4,161.51
Furniture and fixtures,	20,275.50
Cash on deposits,	42,820.84
Cash on hand,	15,942.29
	\$1,163,912.19

## LIABILITIES

Capital stock,	\$50,000.00
Surplus,	50,000.00
Undivided profits,	22,361.79
Savings deposits,	427,551.61
Demand deposits,	414,250.72
Notes and certificates of deposit,	97,854.06
Deposits on deposits,	312.45
Deposits on deposits,	1,302.48
Deposits on deposits,	100,000.00
Deposits on deposits,	60.00
	\$1,163,912.19

## SHINGLES

Four Grades

ALSO

Spruce Roofers, Laths, Strapping  
Etc.

GET OUR PRICES ON ANY BUILDING MATERIAL.

## BEAN &amp; FOX CO.

BETHEL, MAINE

## Fred S. Brown

Dry Goods Garments Kitchenware

NORWAY; MAINE

During the Month of

## AUGUST

We are giving unusual values in every department of the store.

Spring garments are all marked down—new goods bought at a reduction and the savings passed on to you in specially low prices.

Many small lots throughout the store reduced.

Our Daylight Basement has the largest 5c and 10c department in town—hundreds of useful articles at 10c. Kitchenware—crockery—hardware and toys fill this large department.

Pictorial Review Summer Fashion Book Free.

Call at department.

AGED IN WOOD

FOSS VANILLA

## ALUMINUM WARE

The \$1.00 Quality  
Coffee Pots, Stew Kettles  
Baking Pans, Etc.

## G. L. Thurston

BETHEL, MAINE

## DOWN THEY GO!

Many eyes to LOWER PRICES—Cheaper Cords, High Pressure, Straight Side Cords, Ballon Cords, all made with expertness—the finest tires that the world's largest and best rubber tire manufacturer can build. Check over your equipment and see if you can't use some of this new LOW COST RUBBER tires offering—at prices like these:

30 x 3 1/2 Potholder Pattern,	\$0.90
30 x 3 1/2 Potholder Pattern,	7.80
30 x 3 1/2 Potholder Cord,	8.95

Your size at an equal saving

Little money buys more tire miles than ever in these cheap Potholder tires. Why send away for tires when you can get them guaranteed quality PLUS REAL SERVICE right here at home for less. Come in and get our new low price Potholder tires.

30 x 4 1/2 Potholder Cord,	\$17.25
30 x 4 1/2 Potholder Cord,	23.35
30 x 5 1/2 Potholder Cord,	29.50
30 x 5 1/2 Potholder Cord,	11.20
30 x 5 1/2 Potholder,	10.05

## Central Service Station

MAIN ST., BETHEL, MAINE

Phone 107-5



START

The

We have  
Winter  
time for  
our price  
below

On Saturday,  
We shall sell  
Ends of March  
bundles at

25c ea

DIAPER C

10 Yds. to a

95c

72x90

DOUBLE BED

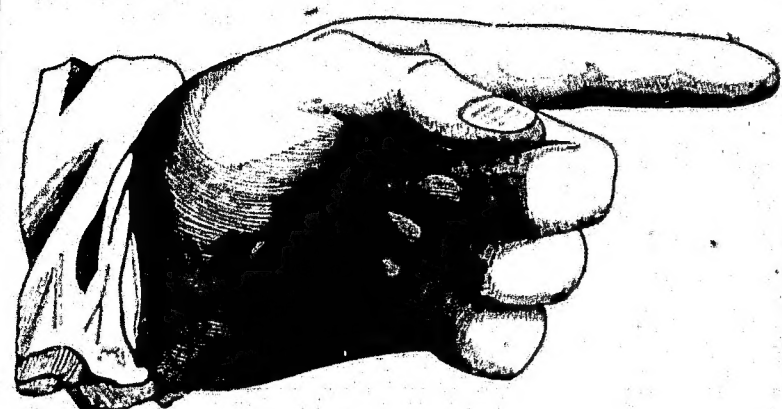
69c

Extra S

Hundred  
marked

MAIN  
ST.





# AUGUST CLEAN-UP SALE

**STARTS THURSDAY, AUG. 12, at 9 A. M.**

**and will continue the rest of the month.**

The lots are small and we urge you to come early before they are sold out.

We have decided to clean out our entire stock of Summer goods to make room for our Fall and Winter lines. We have cut our prices to the lowest notch as goods must be sold. Now is the time for you to secure real bargains in seasonable goods. Come in and convince yourself that our prices are lower than can be found anywhere in New England. We give you a partial list below of the many bargains we are offering.

On Saturday, Aug. 14 We shall sell Odds and Ends of Merchandise in bundles at <b>25c each</b>	50c LADIES' MERCERIZED HOSE All Colors <b>25c</b>	Extra Heavy Weight Turkish Wash Cloths 12x12 <b>7c</b>	Ladies' and Misses' UNION SUITS <b>25c</b>	BATES 32-INCH GINGHAM Beautiful Colors <b>19c</b>	10 Clerks Wanted  FOR THIS SALE  Apply to the Manager
DIAPER CLOTH 10 Yds. to a Piece <b>95c per Piece</b>	Unbleached Lockwood COTTON SHEETING <b>13½c</b>	Men's Leather Palm WORKING GLOVES <b>25c</b>	MEN'S KHAKI PANTS <b>98c</b>	Men's Balbriggan UNION SUITS <b>59c</b>	WINDOW SHADES  <b>49c</b>
72x90 DOUBLE BED SHEETS <b>69c</b>	MEN'S HEAVY COTTON WORK HOSE <b>9c</b>	Ladies' Fine Lisle 'SUMMER VESTS' <b>9c</b>	Men's Heavy Cotton WORK PANTS <b>\$1.79</b>	BOYS' KHAKI PANTS <b>69c</b>	Men's Balbriggan SHIRTS and DRAWERS <b>39c</b>
Extra Special--Men's Linen Knickers, <b>\$1.98</b>			Notice---1,000 Cigars Given Away <small>During This Sale</small>		

Hundreds of other bargains not mentioned will be found here. They are small lots but they are marked down low. Come in and buy what you want before these small lots are sold out.

**STORE WILL BE OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE SALE.**

MAIN  
ST.

## M. A. NAIMEY

BETHEL  
ME.







## THE FISH AND THE HAWK

By CLARENCE WILBERFORCE

(© by W. G. Chapman.)

FOR weeks the beleaguered city had held out against the artillery of its enemies. Night and day the cannon thundered, but the forts were ruined and the sea had repelled every assault, until the warships within the port could no longer stand. The city must fall. But they were hidden from artillery range by a high, protecting bluff, and from torpedo boats by a stout boom crossed the harbor. Within that sanctuary their mighty guns made a successful assault impossible.

Then it was that the enemy sent in their submarines, to creep beneath the sea and explode torpedoes against the vessel's sides. But the pass was narrow, and the searchlights played night, so that the moment that the submarine appeared upon the surface of the waves, a hundred guns belched with destruction and the submarines were sent back.

The besiegers were in despair. And then it was that a new device was used. A submarine without a periscope! It was not necessary to see the entrance. One could feel it. The warships were jammed together inside the harbor, and a submarine, creeping like a blind mole under the boom, could not fail to hit her objective.

The enemy tried it. They sent the North Pole beneath the boom at night, five minutes after she had left the line of the blockading ships. The boom was of twisted iron and steel. The North Pole, having accomplished her task, put out to sea again. The North Pole, this had been a trial attack. There were eight submarines, and each of them ought to be sent for two battleships. By the next morning the defenders' fleet might be scarp iron and the town might be at the mercy of the besiegers.

It was then that the defending general hit upon his idea. It was devoted to be at the mercy of the enemy: the richest city in the world could be theirs to plunder.

Each side possessed a number of airplanes, but they had hardly come into use. Each knew accurately the positions of the opposing forces, and war had proved that little damage could be done by dropping bombs from the air. Moreover, the newest field gun could be elevated perpendicularly so that airplane could hope to escape that well aimed fire.

"From the heights," said the defending general, "one can see far under the water."

It was one of those simple truths that everyone had heard and every one had forgotten.

On the following night, equipped with searchlights and stabilizers, the searchlights and stabilizers, enabled them to hover with engines shut off, airplanes took their position above the water.

John Winthrop was in command of the beleaguered town, as what he had not? The thought of her had been courage for the supreme task. From his position he could see the searchlight beams of the far more powerful light anything known before, and he saw it play upon the waves, where it fell, he saw, not the surface of the water but the bottom. Through the glass he could see the inhabitants of the deep sea, passing lazily about their business. Here was a school of fish, there a group of some saw a monster, came to rest upon the bottom, and then the light of the Queen of the Deep.

And then a black shadow passed beneath the light. She was so far below the surface that nothing could be detected except the bubble rudder and the wing plane.

Winthrop took the steering from the pilot's hands, and the light dropped as a hawk drops the fish far beneath him. The swift was the descent that the airplane had before he touched the water. The light of the searchlight was along the surface of the water. He was too near to see anything at all except the searchlight beam upon the waves. But he had seen the light.

As he passed the bottom a tremendous burst of metal sent the ship careening like a boat in a storm. Swiftly he rose to a height of five feet. Far below the waves he saw the shadow, still against the yellow sand.

And now, all around him, the airplanes were diving, and, as each came from the surface, she aimed her guns, which from a height, would have no useless, on account of the deflection of the water. It needed a zero second eye to know when to stop. He saw the shadow of the submarine, and he saw the metal reached her, for the dive.

The airplane rose into the sky, and they turned their way homeward. And suddenly, with a roar, the Eagle came into debris before the eyes of the airplane. One of the submarine, unscathed, had crossed beneath the boom and delivered her torpedo

against the side of the flagship of the defending navy.

John Winthrop signaled to the squadron to retire. There was room for only one airplane to maneuver. He must catch the invader as she was returning toward the blockading fleet.

He hovered, motionless as a hawk, and keen-eyed as a hawk, sweeping the sea with his selenium light. Nothing escaped his scrutiny. He saw a monster predatory fish gliding upon the bottom, but he saw nothing of the submarine.

Had she escaped in the confusion? No! Suddenly Winthrop understood. This monster fish was the submarine. She had deceived him by moving forward at an incredibly slow rate of speed. Instead of at 25 miles an hour, while every object was disclosed with startling clearness, it was difficult to form an accurate estimate of size.

Winthrop took the steering gear and plunged. Instantly the shadow went out. He fired his guns and rose. There, far under him, skimming frantically beneath the ocean, was the submarine. Again he plunged. Again he missed her.

And now the submarine was half way to the blockading squadron, and already the hostile searchlights were playing about him. A couple of shells whizzed past him, and once more he plunged and fired.

He rose. The submarine had stopped. Not! She was rising to the surface. A shell had struck her amid, injuring the diving gear, but, fortunately for those on board, sending her upward. She lay upon the waves and drifted there.

John Winthrop plunged again, amid a hurrying shower of shells. His grappling irons swung free. They caught the iron fish's sides, and the airplane, pinned down by that dead weight, flustered frantically above her like a wounded bird.

The play of shells stopped. Each man upon the ramparts, each man upon the hostile decks held his breath and watched that battle, outlined as distinctly by the selenium lights as the pictures upon a cinematograph scene.

If the power of the airplane was stronger than that of the submarine, Winthrop would tear her into port. If the submarine could make headway above the waves she would take the lighter craft captive.

The lieutenant in charge of the submarine appeared at the opening. Winthrop, looking over from his seat, saw and recognized him. They had made each other's acquaintance when both were ambassadors' aids in a foreign capital.

Neither vessel could fire, for the airplane's guns could not be directed vertically downward, while the submarine carried nothing except torpedoes—and those were exhausted.

"Surrender!" called Winthrop from his place.

The young lieutenant laughed and went below. And suddenly the submarine began to sink, dragging down the airplane with her.

Winthrop strove madly to cut loose the grappling chains, but it was impossible to reach them, for they were firmly fastened and to do so would have necessitated unshipping the gun to starboard. And while he tried, the waves splashed over him. His last thought as he sank was of the girl he loved.

Suddenly a hand reached forth and grasped him. He shuddered and opened his eyes. The airplane lifted upon the surface of the sea, and the submarine skinned the surface. The lieutenant was pulling him in from the water.

"You are my prisoner," Winthrop, dripping with water, sat beside him as the vessel reeled slowly to the fleet. She had not been injured. Rose had conquered another day, as it always does. Suddenly, from both sides the selenium lights began to flash through the sky. Winthrop stared at the Morse code inconspicuously. He caught at his captor's arm.

"Did you read that?" he gasped.

The young lieutenant nodded. "Peace has been declared tonight," he spelled out, as the white lights flashed above them.

And suddenly the two men shook hands.

**Few Duplicates Seen in Human Features**

It has often been noted that distinguished men have frequently had their "double" in persons who resembled them. What is true of the distinguished man is true of all men, even the most obscure and humble, though in their case no one takes account of the phenomenon, and it is wholly impossible to say which one of them is the "double" of the other. It is of course true that the resemblance is often cultivated. Men have endeavored to fame on the strength of their resemblance to Lincoln. The reason of the men who looked like Napoleon, or thought they did, or tried to, would probably fill a large volume.

It would be interesting to know how many doubles one may have had in men living a hundred, a thousand or a million years ago. There must be some limit to the variations in the human countenance. Unlike those who are surprised at the almost infinite variations in human features, Coleridge, with his metaphysical personality, held that it would be more astounding if there were few or no variations. It certainly would be interesting to meet with and know our long dead doubles. The experience might be embarrassing and confusing, but it would certainly be amusing, and perhaps enlightening. Washington Post.

## GET-AWAY

You must try Champion SparkPlugs to prove how the better, more intense spark they produce increases the rapidity of your get-away. Why be left behind when the traffic signal flashes when a set of Champions will put you out in front?

Champion X—exclusively for Ford—packed in the Red Box



Champion—Ford cars other than Ford—packed in the Blue Box

75c Each

**CHAMPION**

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

LADIES: WE PAY \$7.00 PER HUNDRED to sell greeting cards. Free particulars for address envelopes. FORDVILLE CARD Dept. X, 364 Lexington Ave., New York.

Agents—A Wonderful Proposition. Free—An aluminum matted milk shaker given away with every purchase of 2½ lb. can of Borden's sweetened condensed milk. Also many other prizes. Sample a unit sent for 1¢ plus postage. Borden's Milk, 220 Varion Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. Write for details.

Ladies, Attention! Use spare time at home. Pleasant work. No exp. necessary. Paid stamped add. envelope for info. with. Tel. State Bldg. 6511 Harvard Ave. Chicago.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 32-1926.

**Tiniest Watch**

A Vancouver (B.C.) watchmaker, W. Lett, says that, after two years of work, he has produced the smallest watch in the world. It can be mounted on a scarfpin and can be covered by a Canadian five-cent piece.

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## City Water From Glacier

The city of Boulder, Colo., has taken steps to purchase from the United States government the land occupied by the Arapahoe glacier, distant about fifteen miles from the city, with the object of supplementing the city's water supply from the melting ice. According to the weather bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, this is the first instance of a town or city in this country deriving a part of its water supply from a glacier.

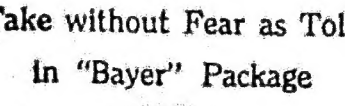
## Sensible Riding

"Why do you always drive an old battered car?" "I hate to worry about the fenders."

## "BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told

In "Bayer" Package



Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-five years for

Colds Headache  
Nervitis Lumbago  
Toothache Rheumatism  
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

## The Sign of Good Soap

Riffling Water. Want soap? Bill it. It's good soap. Water. Sure, fourteen cents.

## Women No Longer

### Prize Small Feet

Participation of women in athletics has brought an increase in the size of women's feet, and the average size record of six years ago, to 9½, the record of last year.

There has been an increase in the size of the average woman's ankle and it now is one-half inch more around than it was six years ago. The figures were compiled by investigating statisticians from records supplied by the retailers to the manufacturers.

Increase in size of ankle has been caused, so the statisticians reports, by oxford shoes with low heels. There is much interest in the trade in possible developments in the future as milady continues to wear such shoes as she may choose and engage in such outdoor activities as may appeal to her fancy, but the wise men in the trade expect feet to become larger and ankles to take on even more generous proportions.

## Future Auto Fuel

Prof. Charles Henry, the French scientist, after ten years of ceaseless research, labor, is said to have revealed the secrets of the physical laws governing catalysis, or the production of energy through the decomposition of bodies by extreme cold. He claims that the future automobile will be driven by hydrogen engines using catalyzed water.

Shave With Cuticura Soap. And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no silly soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

## Testament Reading

It required 60 hours and 20 minutes of constant reading for members of the First Methodist church at Yucatan, Calif., to finish the old and New Testaments, says the Pathfinder Magazine. This is 10 minutes better than last year's time. In 1925 the Seventh Day Adventists in Boston read the Bible aloud in 55 hours and 47 minutes.

## Time for a New One

"Our vacuum has acquired a new brand!" "About time, too. The other one was getting very old!" "I'll, Berlin!"

## ATWATER KENT IGNITION for Fords

New or Old—Your Ford is a good car

Give it a square deal with an Atwater Kent Type LA Ignition System for Ford. Its mechanism is out of dirt and oil, the contactless distributor eliminates wear.

Your motor will run smoother, start easier, pick up quicker, and there'll be more power on the hills.

Of the same general design as the Atwater Kent Ignition Systems furnished as standard equipment on many of America's foremost cars, with twenty-six years' scientific experience back of them.

Installed in less than an hour. Everlastingly dependable. Costs but \$10.80.

Type LA Price \$10.80 Including Cable and Fittings

Atwater Kent Manufacturing Co. Atwater Kent, President 4859 Wissachickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of ATWATER KENT RADIO

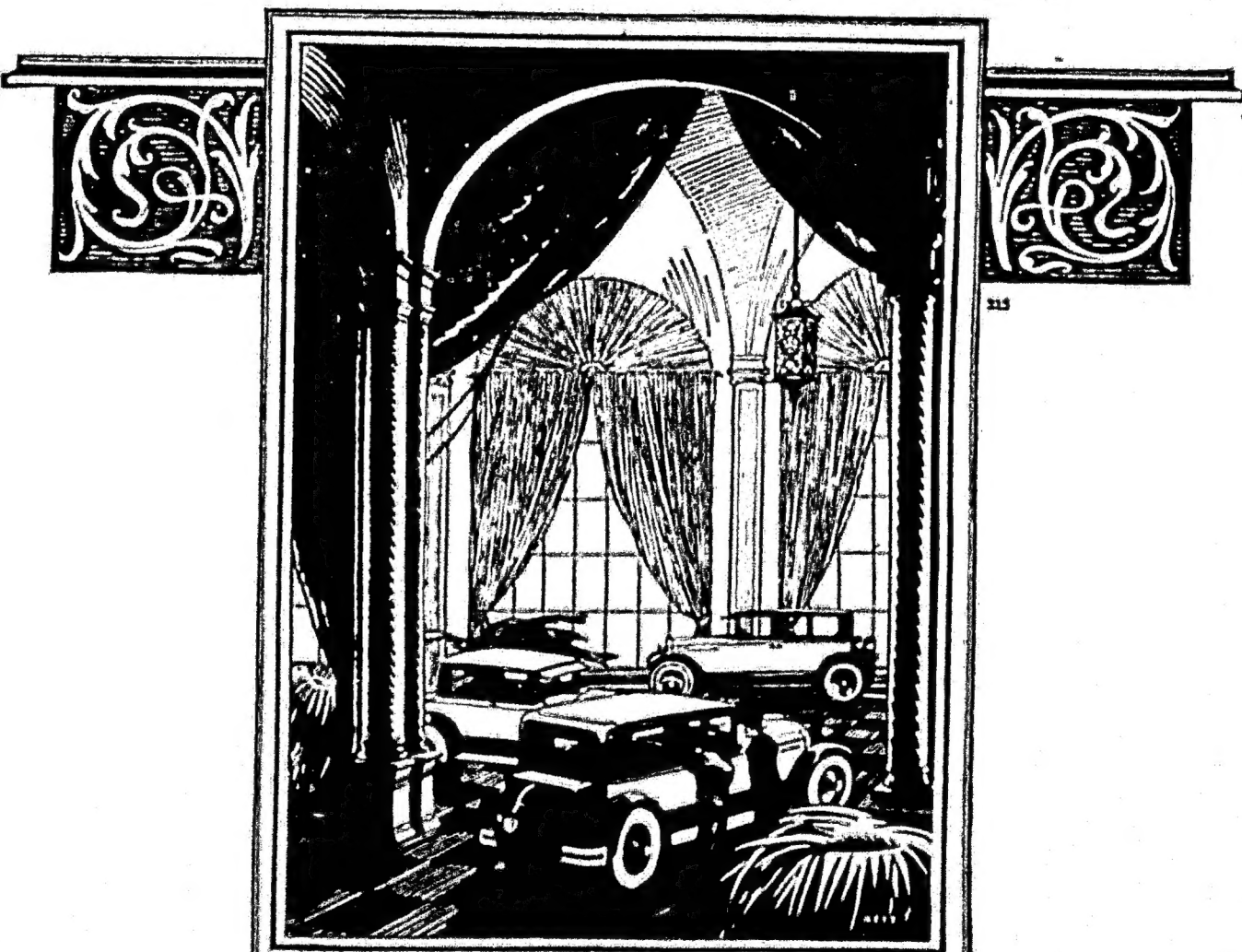
"50 Acres and Plenty." Free book tells truth about Florida land, with payments \$1.50 a. to incl. taxes, with benefits features. Sylvester E. Wilson, Dept. A-500, Orlando, Fla.

**At the Ball Game** Clayton—The catcher has just stolen second base. Mildred Oh, he stole something else, too. The umpire just said something about a safe.

Some men are born leaders and most women are born drivers.

# FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



LOOK AT THE NEW CARS AND SEE—BODY BY FISHER

The new car announcements of General Motors have swept Fisher into the greatest eminence in motor car history.

Everywhere you see the emblem—Body by Fisher. In all price classes, it is the inescapable badge of quality. The leaders, such as Cadillac, Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Oldsmobile and Pontiac, all display as one of their proudest assets the symbol—Body by Fisher.

It is their assurance of public satisfaction—in safety, in charm of line, in beauty of color and appointment, in comfort and convenience.

Fisher—the greatest body builder in the world—stands head and shoulders above all others in quality. The new General Motors cars all help to prove Fisher leadership.

